

LILLY
LIBRARY

Lilly Library Community Literary Magazine
Summer 2019

Note from the Library

This is the second year of the Lilly Library Literary Magazine. Submissions were open to all ages and restrictions were few. We received watercolor whales, prints of mushrooms, one huge and gorgeous shadowbox, punk zines, envelopes of exquisite doodles, fanfiction, and more.

There is something disarming and wonderful about seeing so many different kinds of art side-by-side. We hope that by showcasing these works together, you come away with deeper and different understandings than if you had come across any one individually. We invite you to celebrate the creativity of our community! We will distribute hard copies while they last. One copy of this magazine will be kept in our Local History section, preserved for posterity. A PDF will also be available on our website.

Thank you to the staff and volunteers who bound these books by hand. Special thanks to Heather King for creating our cover page.

Quick note for parents: there is brief strong language but no explicit content.

Contributors

Adriela Fernandez

Aidan Herrick

Anna Meuse

Carol Rhinehart

Catherine Moriarty

Courtney Wilson

Elizabeth Willard

Ellis Durrant-West

Freya Redwin

Heather King

Julie Zuckman

Kai Parng

Katie Champoux

Kevin Hodgeson

Kim Perez

Laurieanne Wysocki

Linda Babcock

Lucy McGuinness-Holland

Madge Evers

Michael Macdonald

Rhys Prindle

Rosa Punska

Sarah Hertel-Fernandez

Suzie Florence

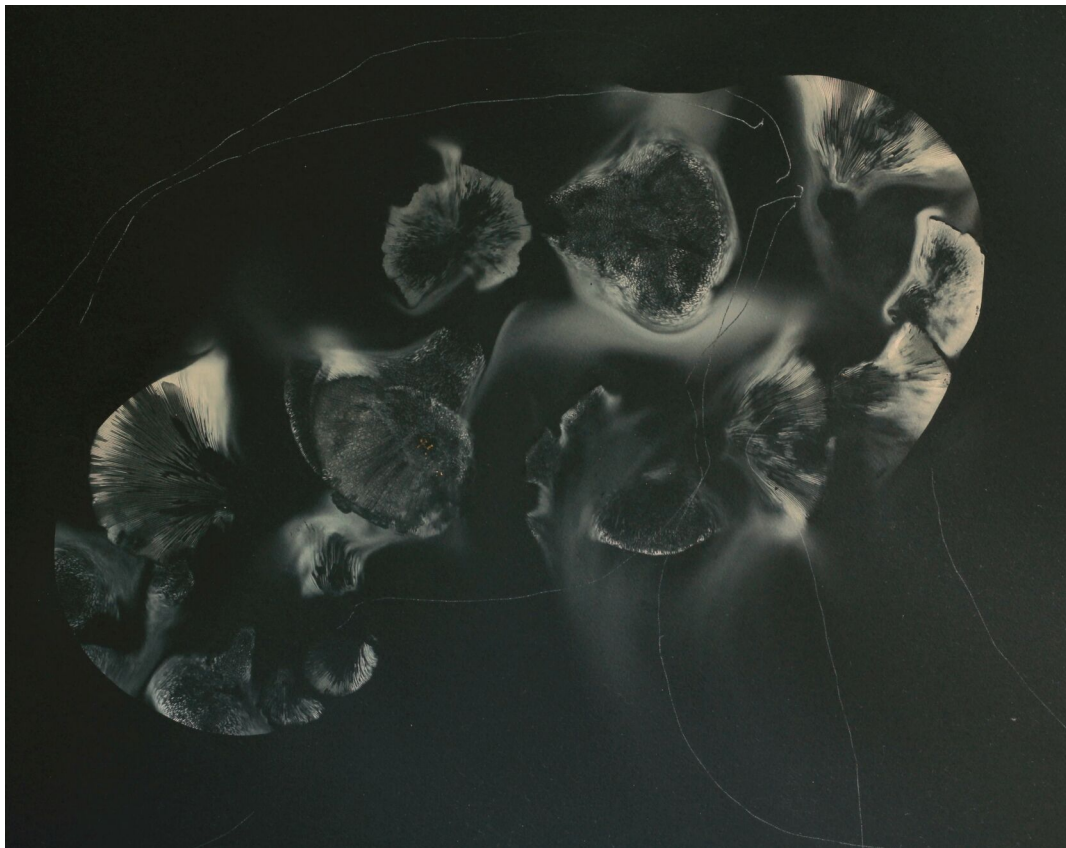
Bittersweet Leaf Print
by Madge Evers

watercolor, acrylic, and
onion skin ink



Zygotic Stardust
by Madge Evers

mushroom spores on
paper, 22 x 30 inches



King Street Herbarium
by Madge Evers

mushroom spores on
paper, 9 x 12 inches



Sara of the Creative Hands
by Adriela Fernandez

When I want to conjure you
I close my eyes and let my memory wander
until it takes me back to the kitchen
the only part of the house that was truly yours.

There, the scents, basil, fresh cheese, bacon,
bread baking in the oven, apples
appear and vanish,
and finally, I see them,
your hands, your creative hands.
White with flour, red with the endless washing,
and clorox, wax, soap and the constant friction
with the cleaning rag, the wash tub, the sponge and the towel.
Your hands covered with soil
planting, harvesting, tending to the chickens.
Your hands kneading the dough that rises with the yeast.
Your hands transforming the cloth, making the needle,
and the scissors fly.

Your hands, always in motion, never at rest
not even in your hospital bed, when the pain was so intense
you could not see anything
you moved your arms and your hands as in supplication
please stop, no more, please.

Among the scents and your hands, a sound emerges,
it is you and you are singing and my heart lightens,
your voice, humming or singing, makes me happy.

I like to think that there were moments when you could rest
and you could imagine a place where there was no rain,
but flowers and butterflies
and the sun always shone while you sang *Milord*, written by a
wandering Jew in Alexandria,
or *Dos Arbolitos*, conceived in Mexico.

I open my eyes and I wish, fervently, that you can see us,
your four daughters, sitting around Anita's generous table,
celebrating the gift of your love.

Watercolor
by Linda Babcock



Poem
by Katie Champoux

The wind blows through
the trees of red
Bursting with fall glory,
And one might think that
all was calm
And still throughout the
grove,
But one could not be
further wrong
If they came across that
thought.
For all WAS still, all but
one fox
Her body tense and still,
She sits and waits,
crouching
In the hunter's position.

Her blackberry eyes sweep
about the wood
And if one looked round
her closely,
They might see the reason
why:
A rabbit, tense as the
nearby vixen
His beady eyes narrowed,
Sits in the dewy, swaying
grass
His fur standing on end,
Whiskers madly trembling
The fox's bushy tail wags
slowly back and forth
Like a black-tipped,
thickened dog's tail

And suddenly...
She pounces
Jumps into a graceful arc
Black paws dip down upon
the rabbit
The rabbit starts and
sprints away
Its large feet working hard,
While the fox is just at its
heel
And so the chase begins!
The rabbit races to its
home
The fox picks up its speed
The fox is sprinting,
running, chasing...
But the rabbit runs faster
Faster, faster...
Almost to safety

The fox runs fast as she
possibly can,
And at long last...
She is winning!
She reaches out a furry
paw
Her claws hook to the
rabbit's neck
All her victim can do is let
himself
Be lifted, up and away,
into the air...
Vixen's teeth meet Rabbit's
skin
Her tongue tastes metallic
blood
The rabbit falls limp,
Its body still

The red fox brings her
prey
Back to her den,
Where her family--
Mate and kits--
Are waiting.

Let's Talk About Depression

Part II

by Aidan Herrick

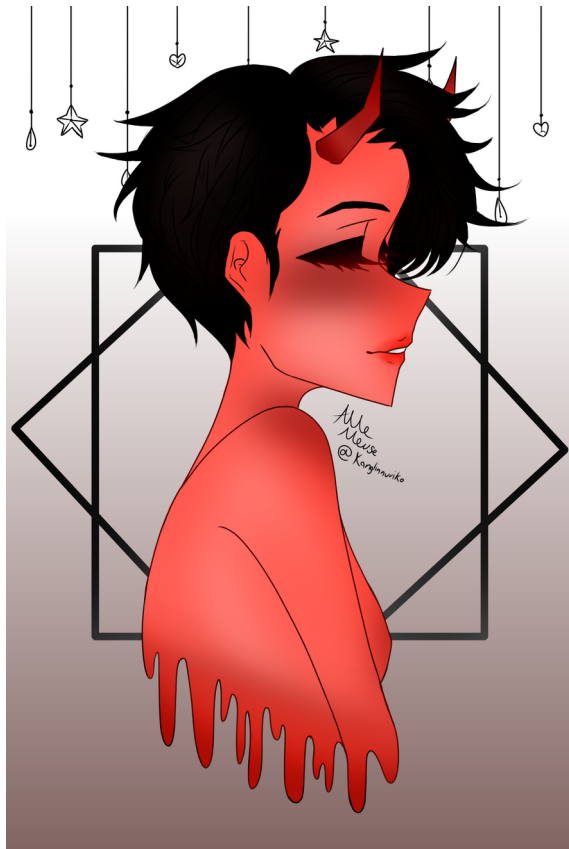
Descartes Before The Horse
by Michael Macdonald

I don't think, therefore I don't think I am —
said the thoughtless man, behind the plow

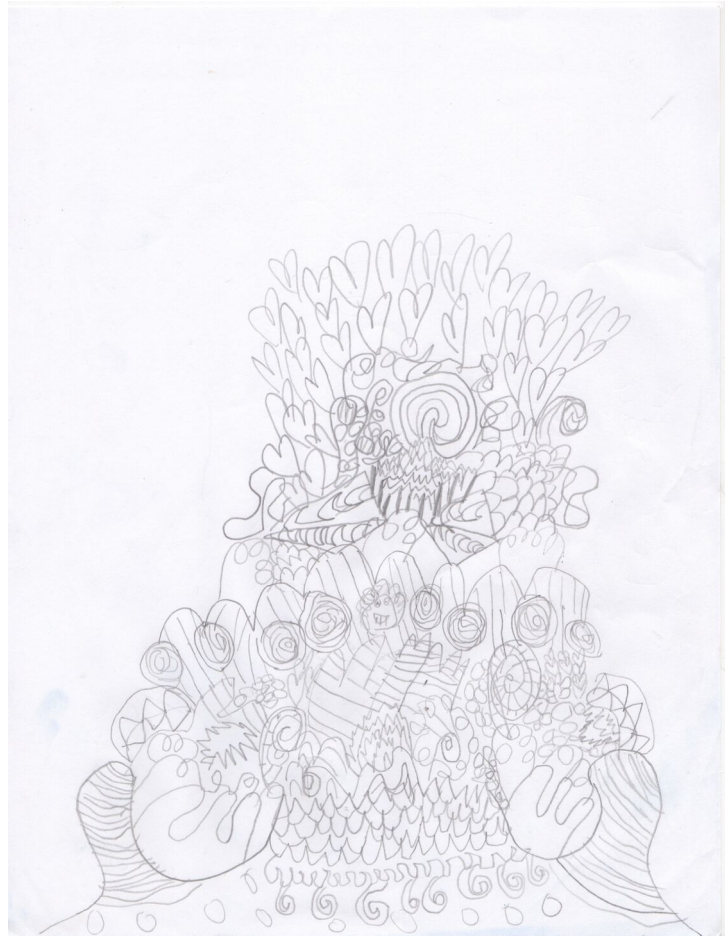
I don't think I can talk, much less think —
said the talking horse — I mustn't exist.

Descartes thought he had proved himself,
his brain the horse, his mind the plow,
but now...existless bliss or...the misty kiss
of a restless, resistless heavenly hell —
eternal talking to ones thoughtless self.

Fantasy
by Anne Meuse



Drawing
by Freya Redwin



The Job
by Kim Perez

It was a day like any other, except for the fact that Ellen was going out on a limb. After school she was going to walk to the local library and see if they needed any help in the children's department. She had no library experience, other than loving books and little kids – and being a library patron herself. In fact, she already spent nearly every afternoon at the library browsing the poetry section, reading bits and pieces of biographies and travel books, dreaming of the literary sites she someday hoped to visit. The library was her refuge from the bullying she endures at school. It was her sanctuary from “those girls,” the “popular” girls, who heavens knows, would never set foot in the library. “I might as well work here and get paid for it since I'm here so much,” she thought to herself as she walked up the large granite steps. She opened the glass door and the musty smell of paper, glue and thread, that only books contain hit her nose immediately. She thought that that smell should be turned into an exotic perfume. With trepidation she walked down the twisting stairs to the children's department. Mrs. Parsons and Mrs. Byers were the two “old ladies” that worked there – responsible for all those books and knowledge.

“What a glorious job,” Ellen mused.

She had known both ladies since she was a little girl, as her mother had brought her to the library weekly. Her favorite section in the room had become the shelves that had a sign above them reading, "Books for Girls." Books about nurses. Books about girls with cashmere twinsets and strings of pearls. Books about college mixers. Next to the Books for Girls shelves were the Books for Boys shelves. Ellen had never read them, had never even entertained the thought. After all, they were books for boys and she was a girl!

Mrs. Parsons was just hanging up the telephone when Ellen walked in. "What brings you down here today, Ellen? Mrs. Byers and I haven't seen you in awhile." Haltingly, "Well...you see...I really...well...I was kind of wondering...if you needed someone to put books away after school?" Ellen finished. Mrs. Byers looked up from her typewriter, peering over her glasses at Ellen with mild disapproval. She was known to be a tough nut, according to Ellen's mother.

Mrs. Parsons smiled her gentle smile which revealed slightly crooked teeth stained with the light pink lipstick she always wore. "Well it just so happens that our college girl isn't able to come back to work for us this school year," she said. "I could use your help three afternoon a week from 3:00 until 5:00, and then every other Saturday from 9:00 to 5:00. Mind you, it's only \$2.75 an hour."

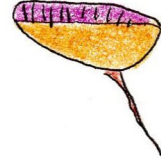
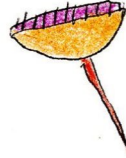
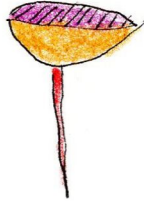
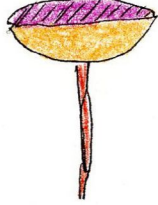
Ellen could hear Mrs. Byers harrumph at the \$2.75 an hour as she placed the dust cover back over the typewriter. Ellen considered all this, looked around the faded yellow room where everything seemed somewhat shabby and dirty. Her parents would be surprised, and she always liked to please them. After careful deliberation she beamed at Mrs. Parsons and said “\$2.75 an hour is great, Mrs. Parsons. When can I start?!” “You can start right now, young lady” barked Mrs. Byers from the other room. “But first we have our tea and cookies.”

“Tea and cookies?! What a great place to work!” thought Ellen with something approaching glee! For the only thing better than books was tea and cookies while reading a book!

Mrs. Byers set out three tea cups – real tea cups, -- with saucers – and got out a tin of cookies while Mrs. Parsons filled an electric kettle. “We have tea every afternoon around three o’clock and we expect you to join us as soon as you arrive to start work,” she said.

“That won’t be a problem. That won’t be a problem at all,” said Ellen as she took off her favorite cranberry wool cardigan. She sat down at the work table with the two ladies, reached for a couple cookies and was sure she had found a haven, safe from the bruising winds of school.

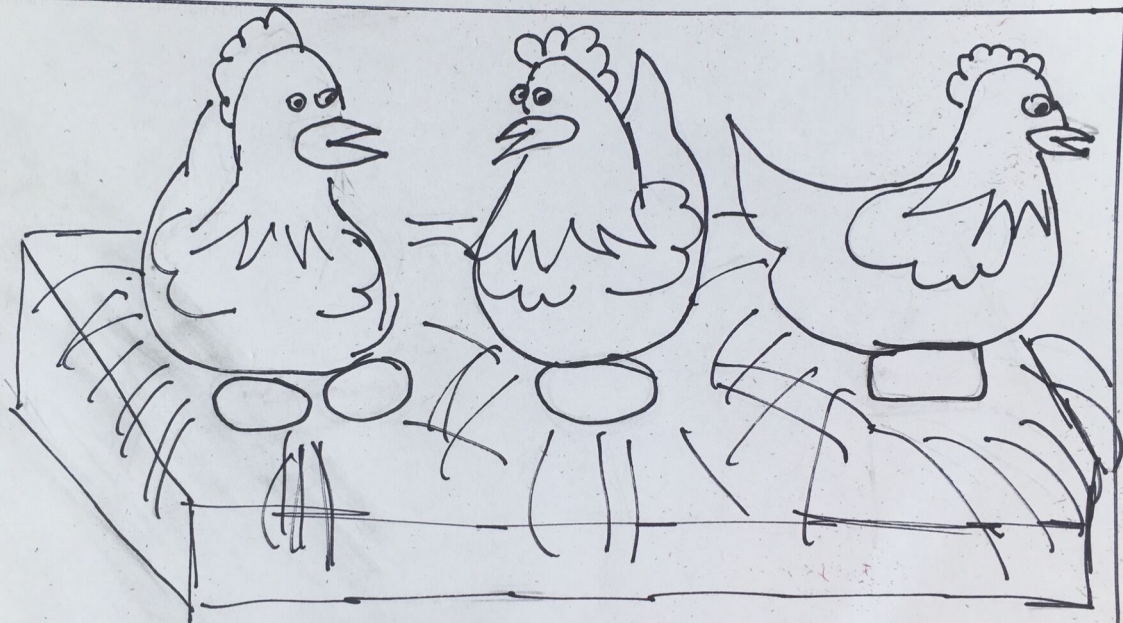
Ephemera
by Heather King







Comic
by Julie Zuckman



I told you she was a square!

JULIE ZUCKMAN ©2019

Freedom
by Courtney Wilson

If Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose,
Then what the hell happened, why am I so confused?
I thought I knew what I wanted,
I thought freedom is what I did choose
I know I did, but mind telling me
I didn't pay my dues?

Trying to find the words, they're blocked up in my throat
Try to talk, feel like I'm gonna choke
Wake up in tears, my pillow is soaked
Made fun of others like this, but now that it's me, it's my
own private joke

Afraid to try, afraid to fail
I got dreams so big,
But I'm stuck in this jail
Of my own making
Scared little girl, in the corner shaking
Don't want people to know that I'm faking

I'm supposed to write but can't think of a word
Got so much to say, but I'm stuck, it's Absurd
I can't remember anything I Learned
I just want to feel safe, to be assured

Watercolors
by Kai Parng





Love Letter to A Library
by Suzie Florence

Living in this world
Of broken machines
And compromised identities,
I ask,
What is the library for?
Speaking of the future
And things that go,
Move, grow,
Challenge, change,
I ask,
What is the library for?
Are we in a vacuum?
Can we survive all bundled
Up in institutions
Sanctioned by profit searching,
Not soul searching?

I ask,
When we are surrounded by books,
Novels by great gay men,
Poems by strong lesbians,
Political writing by femmes of colour
And disabled activists,
Are we not surrounded by Souls,
Are we not soul searching?

I ask,
Who is the library for?
These souls that are Shelved should
Not be silenced!
Who is it that we want to serve,
And who is it that deserves
Our service?

I don't know about you,
But the kind of Library
That I find helpful,
The kind of idealistic Speculative Fiction of
the Future
that I see as
Moving,
Growing,
Challenging,
Changing,
Not in a vacuum,
But in real time and
Space,
Is one that is helpful,
Nourishing,
Educating,
Caring,
Providing,

Acknowledging difference
And treating folks with dignity,

Embracing diversity,
Being willing to learn
From others,
As we provide learning for them.

And all of this,
For Free.

Pink Tulip & Pollinator on Nepata
by Catherine Moriarty





Whale Song
by Kevin Hodgman

Inspired by *Song for a Whale* by
Lynne Kelly



BY KEVIN HODGSON

Labberwackye
by Rhys Prindle

Once upon a time, not so long ago, there was a boy named Bill. He was shy and didn't have many friends, which made him lonely at home.

He lived in a small house on a street called *Whatsit* in a town called *Pie*. He went to a school called *The Small School with a Long Name in a Town Called Pie* or for short TSSLNTCP.

One day Bill didn't make it to the school bus at the end of the day which made him feel scared. He went to his classroom and waited for his mom to pick up him but nobody came for him. He waited hours and hours but still nobody came. He heard the janitor lock the doors and he was sure nobody was there and his mom would not be picking him up today.

He decided he had no choice but to spend the night there, so he ate his leftover apple from lunch and laid down to go to sleep. He shut his eyes but he immediately opened them again because...

"Oooo!"

There was a creepy noise. Bill was very frightened. It sounded like a ghost getting closer by the moment. He got up ready to fight.

"Oooooooooooooooooo! I am Laaaaaaaaabberwaaaaaaaaakye."

"So that's why they say this school is haunted," thought Bill. The ghost was floating into the room.

Bill's heart was pounding in his chest. He was thinking over his options of how to stop the ghost. Then an idea popped into his head. He raced to the closet and dug through until he found some paint and a paintbrush and painted the ghost mid-air (he used quick-dry paint so it wouldn't drip). The paint froze the ghost in midair and it clattered to the floor. Satisfied, Bill laid back down and soon he fell asleep. He woke up the next morning just before his teacher got to school. He explained to her why he had slept there overnight and then he showed her the ghost. "You caught Labberwackye! Good for you." After that he made some friends because the people at TSSLN TCP thought he was a hero for getting rid of the ghost and the kids really looked up to him. He went to birthday parties, had playdates, and was very happy at *The Small School with a Long Name in a Town Called Pie*.

Can Fitness Be
Enhanced?

A Poem about the YMCA
Enhance Fitness Class
by Carol Rhinehart

At the Y, the mirror mediates
my effort to enhance my fitness as a human being.
Internal mutterings compare, contrast, and evaluate my looks.

I wonder if these mirrors make you look thinner,
maybe fatter, but either way
variations in the way people wear their bodies give reprieve.

I have come to know people at their humblest:
clumsy in goofy exercise clothes
Instead of the usual uniforms that identify their personas and life purpose.

We offer snippets about our lives
to people whose first names we keep forgetting.
Bad knees and quirky hips are easier to remember.

Sometimes I feel a wave of concern
or rush of love for someone in the mirror.
Sometimes-- once in a great while-- my internal mutterings go mute.

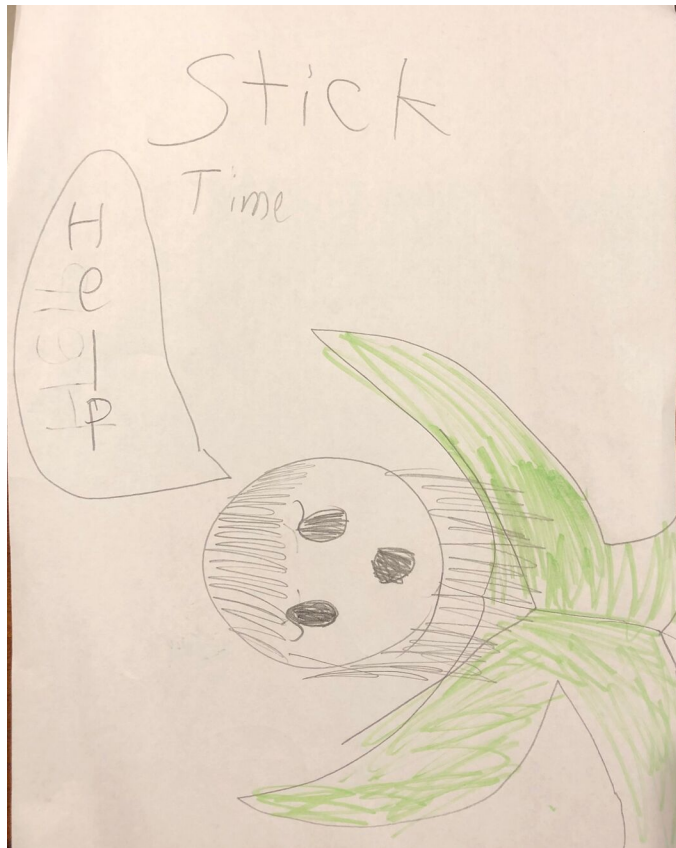
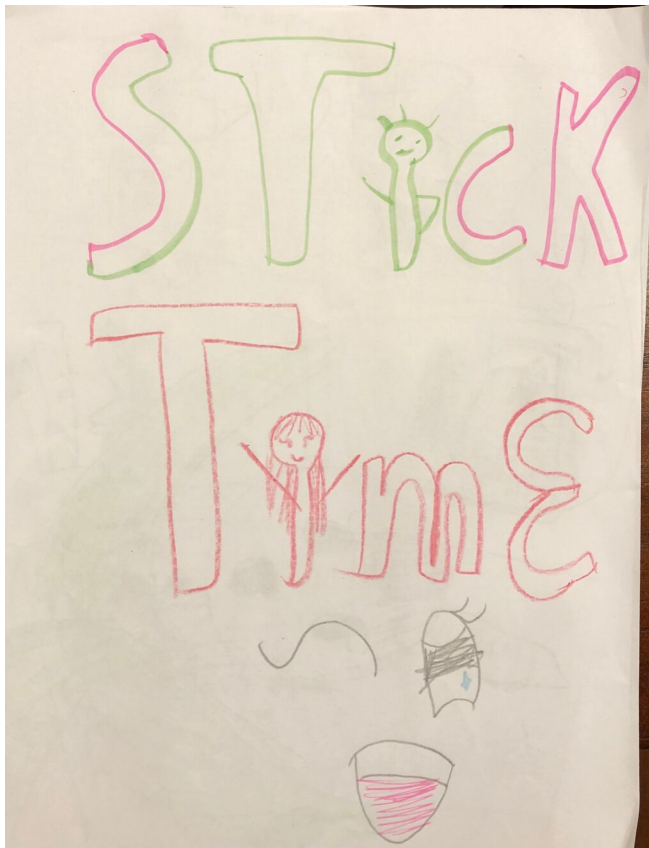
We merge, the group behind me,
my body moving as one with this step-together-stepping
creature with 60 legs in the mirror in front of me.

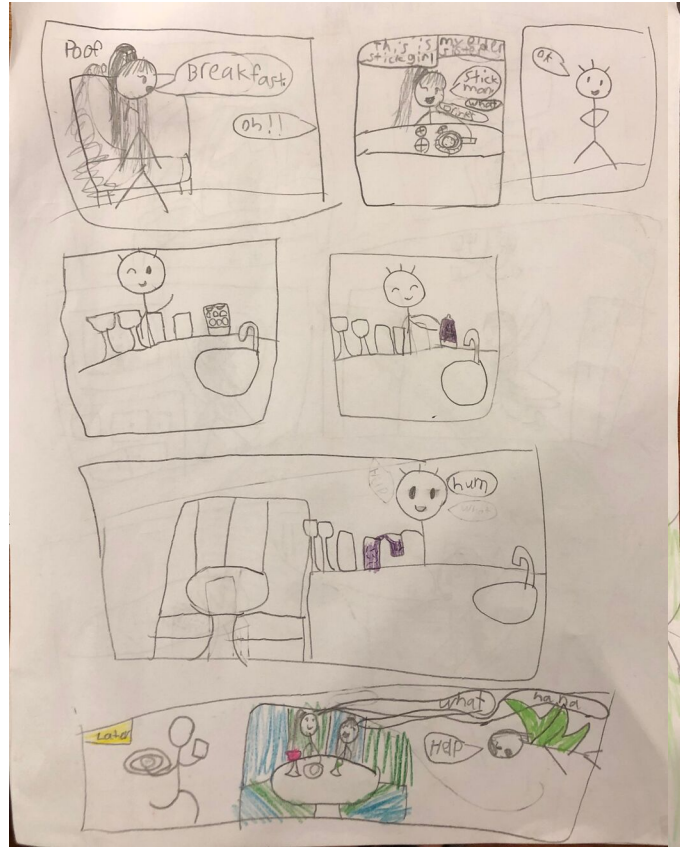
Postcard
by Rosa Punska



art by Rosa

Stick Time
by Ellis Durrant-West







Dream Verse
by Sarah Hertel-Fernandez

Moons that melt like candlewax
The midnight multiplies
Steal away on passing ships
Sing stardust lullabies.

A shadow-curtain pulled aside:
a realm revealed in sleep.
You lie beneath, my autumn love,
but it's here you'll keep.

Shadowbox
by Elizabeth Willard

Inspired by *The Things We Keep* by Sally Hepworth



Artist's Note:

The Things We Keep by Sally Hepworth tells the story of Anna moving into assisted living because she has a diagnosis of Alzheimers... at 38 years old.

Mostly, the story (as with any story of Alzheimers) is about loss. However, because the other tells it from three different points of view, it becomes a story of the things we keep.

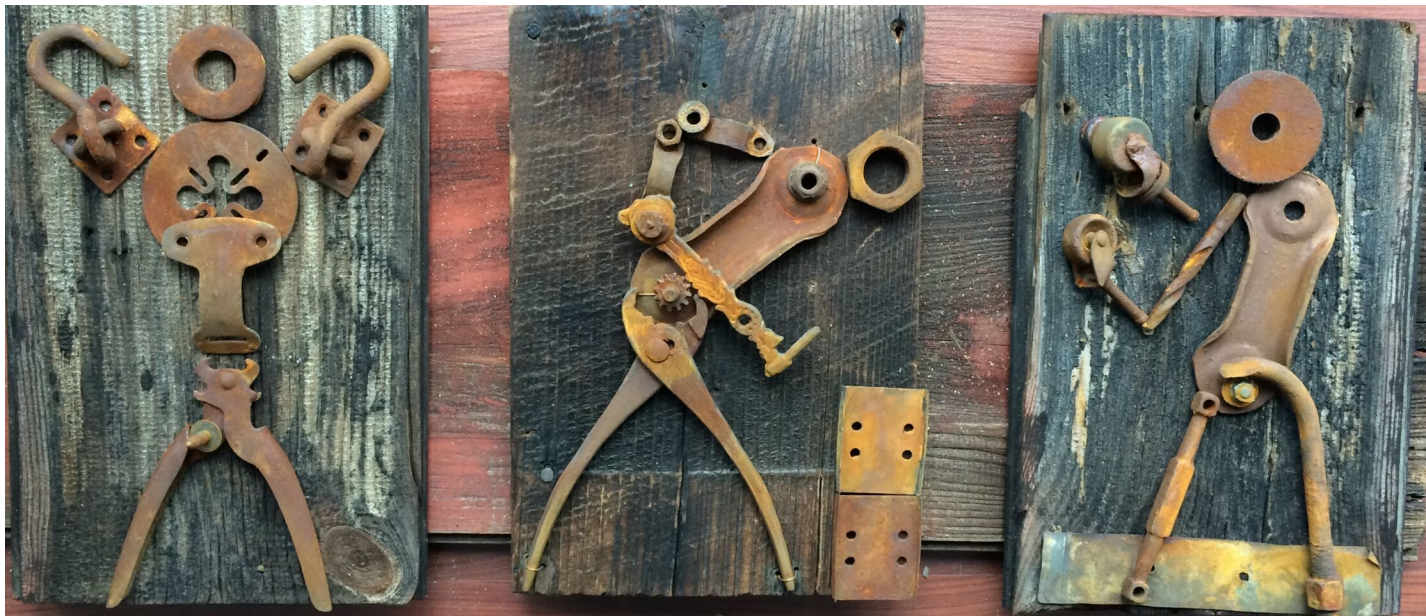
While the losses are great, it seems that the things we actually keep are the relationships, the hopes and the dreams and the love that keeps us moving forward. When I tried to make sense of what is kept, I looked around to see what it is I keep. Here in this shadow box are "things". There are cards and thank you notes; there are letters, and pins, and rocks and shells. There are photos and prints and a flower from the my mother's funeral.

We keep the reminders of the love we have or had for people. They are things of beauty only because they signify a relationship past, present, or to come. It makes me mindful of the connection and the community that is so vital to each one of us.

Acrylic paintings & metal work
by Laurieanne Wysocki







The Mysterious Benedict Society and the
Pregnancy Problems
by Lucy McGuinness-Holland

Inspired by *The Mysterious Benedict Society* by
Trenton Lee Stewart

One day, Ronda was lying on the couch with her hand on her stomach. Kate came in with unusual quietness.

“How are you feeling?” Kate asked.

“The morning sickness is getting to me,” Rhonda said.

“Mmm,” said Kate.

“Oh, my good...” The rest was muffled by Rhonda’s hand. She jumped up and ran to the bathroom.

Then Constance came in. “Where is Rhonda?” she said.

“She went to the bathroom,” said Kate.

“Ohhhh,” said Constance.

The next day, Rhonda went to the doctor. It wasn’t the doctor she had been going to. Apparently, according to this doctor, she was a substitute. Her hair was bright pink. She had big, wide-rimmed glasses, and a tan. You could see a little raven-black hair escaping from the side of her pink hair. As the doctor was checking on her, she asked a lot of questions. Rhonda answered everything.

As the doctor led her to the door, where Kate was waiting for her, Kate screamed! She jumped out of her chair and tackled the doctor, saying “I see you’re back, Martina Crowe! I’m not done with you yet, it seems!”

Rhonda fainted. Kate pushed the amazed Martina Crowe back into the doctor's office and slammed the door. Kate staggered under the weight of Rhonda as she carried her to the car, hoping Rhonda hadn't given anything away.

After they got home, and she had put Rhonda to bed, Kate went to Constance's room. She told Constance all the news about what had happened to Rhonda at the doctor's office. Constance looked at her and said "Martina is back; she's on the attack. She's on our track, but we won't let her back."

The next day, Constance complained that there was no food in the house and she was STARVING! Kate made sure that Rhonda was settled in bed with a cup of tea, and locked the door (luckily, there was already a video camera posted), and took Constance to the grocery store. At the grocery store, everyone thought that Kate was Constance's mother. Constance, despite being 6 now, was still extra small for her age. And Kate looked more than her age of 17. So Kate put Constance in the kid seat and pushed the cart around the store buying bread, milk, cheese, pasta, asparagus, apples, oranges, lemons, and (to Constance's delight) a bag of the stickiest candy that could ever possibly be found. And for Rhonda, ginger ale, crackers, Jolly Ranchers, and frozen blueberries (to her request).

When they got home, Kate decided it was about time she wrote to the boys and Mr. Benedict, who were off trying to find Martina Crowe, and tell them of her problem. She decided she'd write in the new pen that Milligan had given her, which was invisible. But you needed a special light to read it, so she added a flat blue light to her envelope. And she had Constance go put it in the mailbox down the street.

Kate decided that the house was a complete disaster. So she decided that today she would clean the entire house, top to bottom. Which left Constance in charge of meals. Which meant a lot of sweets. At lunch, Constance had made what looked like tomato soup, but actually, it was pink candy soup. After lunch, Kate decided that she was not going to have Constance cook anything else. So she told Constance she had to finish cleaning the house, so she could cook.

The next day, when Kate got up, she saw a little notification which meant that there had been a video on the video camera. So of course, she looked. And it was Martina leaving a note. She went to the door and looked at the note. It said “Maybe you think you got rid of me, but you haven’t yet!”

Kate decided that she was going to need to put up even more security. She locked the door and put a bar on it. And same thing to all the windows.

Later that day, while Kate was preparing a bowl of soup for Rhonda, there was a knock on the door. She yelled to Constance who was—for goodness sake—finally cleaning her room, “Can you go to the door?”

But when Constance peeked through the peephole on her step stool, she saw that it was Martina Crowe. Kate was giving Rhonda her soup when she heard Constance’s scream of terror. So she dropped the bowl of soup on the floor and flew to the door, where Constance had fainted. When Kate looked out the door, she saw why Constance had screamed. Martina was there, but she had a briefcase, and two watches (one on either wrist), and a necktie. So Kate decided that she would call Mr. Benedict and the boys, and also she would call her father, who were all out looking for Martina Crowe. But before she had time to do so, Martina burst through the door and said “if you don’t tell me where Mr. Benedict and your people are, I will attack you!”

But before Martina had time to even open the briefcase, Kate had tackled her, ripped the shock watches off her wrists, threw them over to Constance, who had woken up, and told her to get rid of them. She also—the minute Constance got back from throwing the watches out the window—threw the briefcase and necktie over to Constance. “Do the same thing with these that you did with the shock watches,” she said. And then she told Constance to distract Martina while she went to do something.

Constance decided the only thing she could do to distract Martina was argue with her. So she started to argue. Martina argued back. Back and forth it went until the police arrived. (The police had wanted Martina Crowe for criminal actions for quite a while. So they were perfectly happy to find her.) They took her away in handcuffs.

Then Kate heard a shriek coming from Rhonda’s room. She grabbed Constance by the foot, threw her over her shoulder, and ran to Rhonda’s room. Half an hour later, Rhonda was lying in bed with Asmah (an Arabic name which means a brave and bold girl) wrapped in a blanket in her arms. And then, the doorbell rang.

Kate cautiously went to the door, and saw that it was Mr. Benedict, Sticky, Reynie, Number 2, and, to her great delight, MILLIGAN! She threw open the door and gave everyone one of her hated hugs, and then grabbed them by the hands and dragged them into Rhonda’s room, where everyone’s eyes practically popped out when they saw Asmah.

The next day, it was time to celebrate Constance’s seventh birthday. They decided to have a birthday cake to celebrate both Constance’s seventh birthday and Asmah’s first birthday. Kate said “thank goodness that’s over with!”

Constance answered “that’s how it seems, but it’s all in your dreams.”

THE END

Seeing Myself Out
by Michael Macdonald

I find faint remnants of my good old childhood God, who would hold and fold my hands while we gave thanks for all my mother's relatives plus everyone else on earth we could come up with and I still find myself thankful for so many ordinary gifts of love — Wife and daughter wisdom, frying pan friendships, Cabernet Sauvignon and our Black Cat, warming my morning lap, as I pour on the pets and get back heavenly purring.

I watch out for myself, following a hunch that I might appear in person any moment now. I try to introduce myself again and again to the exaggerated man in the mirror. I find him much more accepting than he used to be, but he still wants both of us to straighten up, look good and hum a sweet tune. We make quite a pair, inviting something real to open up between us, before we walk out on each other, leaving behind a pure spell of mystery.

Finding myself older than I imagined and younger than death, I remind myself of the suppressed wish to heal the wounds of the whole world. But I know my capabilities fall a bit short of the task and so I bow to what is and what was and what will be. Still I can dream healing dreams, can't I, as if that makes much of a difference. Am I older than hope? I hope not.

I have seen the future, every day, every moment of my life— it passes me by on the way out the back door. Nothing stands still except at the stop and go light of eternity's blinking possibilities. So be your own soul mate and find yourself out, I tell myself, before time runs out the open door, to play another game of charades and maybe take you away with what you've found and found wanting, along the way, along the long way home to who-knows-what-or-where-or-when.

The ghost of Alfred Lilly says:

Keep making art!

*And return those overdue
books already!*

